Marjory May had come out for a stroll.

Past the gray church and round by the toll,
Perhaps by the wood and the wishing-stone,
There was sweet Marjory tripping alone.

"May I come too 7 now don't say me nay."

"Just as you please," laughed Marjory May.

So it fell out that we went on alone, Round by the wood and the wishing-stone; And there I whispered the wish of my life— Wished that sweet Marjory May were my wife, "For I love you so dear. Is it aye or nay? Come, answer me quickly, sweet Marjory May!" Come, answer me quickers, and the speak, only the red blood flushed in her cheek; Then she looked up with a grave, sweet smile (The flush dying out of her face the while), I like you so much, but not in that way, and then there is John." said Marjory May.

Years have rolled on since that fair summer's day, still I'm a bachelor, old and gray.
Whenever I take my lonely stroll
Round by the wood, and back by the toll,
I pass by the house where her children play.
For John has married sweet Marjory May.

AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN.

A NOVEL

BY EDGAR FAWCETT. Author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case," etc."

XVIII. As Claire was descending into the lower hall, at out four o'clock the next afternoon, she saw her shand enter the house with his latch-key. She suickened her step a little, and met him at the ding of the stairs. They had not seen each other for twenty-four hours; she had breakfasted in her room, that morning, as was of late almost habitual with her, and by the time that she left it he had been driven away in his brougham. On the previous night he had reached home long after she had retired to bed. All this was no new thing. Its first and second occurrence had shocked them both, as an unforeseen result of their altered existence. But repstition had set it securely among the commonplaces. They accepted it, now, with a matter-of-course

placedity.
"I was going to the Vanvelsors' reception," Claire said. "Did you think of dropping in ?"

"No." answered Hollister. He had taken her nand, and was holding it while he spoke. The next moment be kissed her cheek, and soon let his eye wander over the complex tastefulness of her attire. He then drew her arm within his own, and led her toward the near drawing room, whose threshold they crossed. Except his recorded monosyllable, he had said nothing for an appreciable time, and Claire, regarding his face with sidelong glance, had already detected there marked signs of worriment.

"No." he presently continued, taking a seat on one of the rich-clad sofas, and gently forcing her to sit beside him, "I had no idea of going there. I don't feel like anything gay. Claire. Things are doing horribly on the Street. There's a dreadful squall. I hope it will be only a squall, He then named and soon blow over." a certain stock in which he had very comprehensive interests. "It has dropped in the most furious fashion," he proceeded. "Claire, I've lost seventy thousand dollars to-day, if I've lost a

penny." He talked more technically of his ill-luck after that, and told her what he believed to be the reason of the adverse change. She listened with great attention. She knew so much of Wall Street tters that she scarcely mused a point in all that

He waved one hand here and there, as though generalizing the whole luxurious encompassment. There is no telling what may happen. I never felt the insecurity of my career as I feel it now. Do you know. Claire, that a few more such days as

this may ruin me t" "Ruin you ?" she repeated.

She was pale, as those words left her lips. Hollister had proposed to her a terrible possibility. Yes, Claire, I mean it. Of course L am looking at the worst that might happen. But I want to

prepare you. She rose, keeping her eyes on his. "I don' know what I should do," she said, " if I lost what I have now. I have grown used to it, Herbert, I won't let myself think that it might pass away-that I should be left without all these good and precious

As she spoke the last word, he rose also, and caught both her hands, looking eagerly into her

"Claire," he exclaimed, " you must think of los ing it all! You must try to reconcile yourself with the idea! If you don't, the ordeal will be all the harder when it comes."

When it comes ?" she again repeated. "Yes-you see just how I stand. You have grasped the whole wretched situation. Of course there's a

chance that I may right myself, but" . . . "Pil take that chance," she broke in, quite reibly withdrawing her hands. "So will you, Herbert. I prefer to look at it this way. We will

both take the chance." Hollister's face was full of repreach. 'Claire !" he exclaimed, "I see that you love this

new life with a positive passion !" "I love it very much," she answered. "I love it so much that I should suffer fearfully if I were turned adrift from it. . . Come, we will both go to the Vanvelsors' reception."

"No," replied Hollister. He walked away from her. By her lack of sympathy she had dealt him s eruel sting.

'Very well," responded Claire, as she wa tched

his receding figure. "I am going."

His back was turned to her, but suddenly veered round, facing her, and saying, with a bitter shar mess: "Go, if you please! Go, and leave me to my misery! If you cared for me in the right manner, you would not want to go. You would want to stay with me, and forget, for a while at least, the gay crowds that admire and court

These words were utterly unexpected. He had never before alluded to her lack of fondness. She was embarrassed, ashamed. For a moment she could not speak. Then she simulated an affronted anor. It seemed her sole refuge. "I-I care for you as much as I have always cared," she said.

She moved toward the door, at once, after thus speaking. She wondered if he would seek to detain her. He did not. . . She entered her coupé very soon afterward. During the drive to Mrs. Vanvelsor's reception she had a keen remembrance of just how Hollister had looked when her final gaze had drelt upon him. Sheknew that she had stung at ast into life the perception of how much he had been giving and how little he had received. Her ce sternly smote her; she was more than once on the verge of ordering that the vehicle should be driven home again. But in her then mood any What could she say to her husband? That ed his possible ruin ! Yes; but

not that such regret sprang from the sweet sources Copyrighted 1883 by Edgar Fawcett. Altrights reserved

of a wifely, unseinsh love. She could not regard the possibility of being flung downward from her present high place with any unselfish feeling. Mrs. Diggs had touched the living and sensitive truth last night: her thirst for luxury had grown a vice. Soft raiment, obsequious attendance, a place of supreme social distinction, all these had become vitally, imperiously needful to her happiness.

It was not the sort of happiness which she believed high or fine. She could most clearly conceive of another, less fervid, less material, less intoxicating, fraught with a spiritual incentive and an intellectual meaning. But it was too late to dream of that, now. She had taken the bent; she must have power or nothing. She regarded the idea of being obscure and with straitened funds as a calamity simply horrible. Hollister must think her cruel as death; that was inevitable. She did not blame him for blaming her. She blamed herself for having married him with ioveless apathy. His reproachful words haunted her—but what could she do? He wanted genuine tenderness, sympathy, fortifying cheer. But he wanted these from an impulse of which her heart had always been incapable. Fate was avenging itself upon her. She had tampered with holy things. Her marriage oath had been a mockery. Could she go back and tell him this? Could she go back and the to him, feign before him? No; best that she should not go back at all.

The reception was a great crush. But they

she go back and lie to him, feigh before him? No; best that she should not go back at all.

The reception was a great crush. But they seemed to make way for her with a sort of obeisance. No one jostled 'against her; they all appeared to give her a little elbow-room in the throng, while they either bowed or stared. She was secretly agonized. She smiled and spoke as effectively as usual; she held her court among them all, as of late she had invariably held it. But her heart was sick; she was besieged by a portentous dread, and she was pierced with that self-contempt whose length of thrust is measured by a consciousness of how far the being we might have become surpasses the being that we are. While she stood the centre of a small, courtly group, a gentleman softly pushed his way into her notice and held out his hand. She took the hand, and looked well into the face of him who had extended it. The new-comer was Reverley Thurston. As Claire looked she swiftly noted that his familiar face wore marked sigas of change. He had distinctly aged. The gray at his temples had grown grayer; the crows'-feet under his hazel eyes were a little more apparent; perhaps, too, his gravity of manner was more clearly suggested by a first glance. At the same time she left herself regarding him in a new light and by the aid of arphified experience. She silently and floetly made him stand a test, so to speak, and at once decided that he stood it well. She had met no man since they had parted who bespoke high-breeding and gentility with more immediate directness.

"I thought I should find you here," he said, as their hands dropped apart.

"Did you come on that account?" she asked.

"Not entirely, because I had great fears of not being able to do more than watch you from a distance."

"I do you come on that account?" she asked.

"Not entirely, because I had great fears of not being able to do more than watch you from a distance."

distance."
"Ab," she said, with a pretty graciousness, and loud enough for all the others to hear, "you have an excellent claim upon me—that of old acquain-

surrounders felt that there was either Her surrounders felt that there was either dismissal or desertion waiting for them. She managed to make it promptly olain that her favoring heed had been wholly transferred to Thurston; she showed it to them with a cool boldness which they would have resented with resolves of future neglect if indulged in by many another woman present; for they were all men who put a solid worth upon their courtesies, and had a fastidious reluctance ever to be charged with sowing them broadcast.

But Claire had long ago learned that the security of her reign depended upon an occasional open.

But Claire had long ago learned that the security of her reign depended upon an occasional open proof of how she herself trusted its power. She had guessed the peril of continuing monotonously clement. To talk with Thurston now interested her more than any other conversational project. It was not long before she had slipped her hand into his arm, and was saying, as they moved through the crowd:

his arm, and was saying a the crowd:

"If you care to go into the conservatory, we shall find it much pleasanter there, I taink."

The house was one of those new and majeste structures near the Park. It occupied a corner, sweeping far backward from Fifth Avenue in o an adjacent street. It had an almost imperial ampittude, and was a building in which no lordly or pleasurable detail seemed to have been overlooked. The conservatory, where account metric wooed through breadths of seemed to have been overlooked. The consolvatory whose spacious interior wooed through breadths of glass its kindest warmth from the churlish winter sunshine, was of refreshing temperature after the heated rooms beyond, while its masses of leafing or blooming plants loaded the air with delightful

matters that she scarcely missed a point in all that he explained.

"So Goldwin is on the other side," she said, when he had finished.

"Yes, Goldwin is safe. But you can't tell what to-morrow will bring. No one is really safe. Prices are flying about. It's a shocking state of affairs."

"There is nothing for you to do just now, is there?" Claire asked, after a little pause.

"Oh, no; I may get a few telegrams later. But nothing serious will happen till to-morrow."

She laid her hand on his arm. She was more alarmed and perplexed than she chose to show. "Then come with me to the reception," she said; "you might as well, Herbert. It is better than to brood over the state of matters down there."

He shook his bead negatively. "I should make a very bad guest," he replied "Go yourself, Claire. But remember one thing." He was looking at her very fixedly; his frank blue eyes were full of a soft yet assertive pain. "Our life may alter suddenly for the worse. We may have to give up all this."

He waved one hand here and there, as though and the waved one hand here and there as though and the said when the cool courts, as Claire and Thurston now entered them. The entertainment of to-day was a kind of house-warming; the Vauveisors, in current metropolitan phrase, were old people, but their present mansion was flow in a decisive sense; they had migrated in the from a residence in Bond Street where they had dwelt to for forty years or more. The push of the younger eneration, left with inherited millions, had thus a residence in Bond Street where they had dwelt for forty years or more. The push of the younger eneration, left with inherited millions, had thus a residence in Bond Street where they had dwelt for forty years or more. The push of the younger eneration, left with inherited millions, had thus a residence in Bond Street where they had dwelt for forty years or more. The push of the younger were allouded in the simple with the fashion; other people were paying homage to host of these nine-integrated itself. Few of th

or a great deal. Which does it mean?"
Claire responded with a question, looking at him
fixedly.
"Why did you write me that letter?" she said.

"Why did you write me that letter?" she said.
"Did it offend you?" he asked.
"No and yes. You might not have reproached me until you knew more of the real truth."
Turrston stroked his gray mustache. "I think I knew all the truth," he said. "I know it now, at

"Your sister has told you," Claire retorted, with

"Your sister has told you," Claire retorted, with speed.
"Yes and no," he responded, not mocking her own recent words, yet leaving a distinct impression that he had half repeated them. "You forget that I have seen you reagn; gon your new throne."
"Let us be candid," said Claire, "Your note was almost a sneer."
He slowly shook his head. "It was a regret."
"You think I might have done greater things,"
"You admit that I have achieved success?"
"A marveilous success. It shows your extrordinary gitts. The town, in a certain way, is ringing with your name. If an ordinary woman had gained your place she would have found in it a splendid gratification. She would have been amply, perfectly satisfied."
"You nean that I am not satisfied. Pray allow it, Your tones and your look both show it me."
"Thurston similed, transiently and sailly. "I mean that you are miserable." he said.
Claire bit her lip, and slightly drooped her head.
"You have no cause to tell me that."
He leaned closer to her. "I de tell you. It is true. I saw it in your face when I first looked at you. There is a change. I can't define it, but it exists. You are more beautiful than when I saw you last. You have an air of ease, dignity, command. But you express a kind of superb weariness, and yet occasional flashes of excitement are in your talk and demeanor. You see, I have watched you from a distance; I have my pinions."
"Yes, you have your opinions," said Claire, lifting her head and directly regarding him. "That is very plain."
"It all makes an exqueste picture," Thurston continued. "I have seen the world, as you know.

"It all makes an exquisite picture," Thurston

"It all makes an exquesite picture," Thurston contained. "I have seen the world, as you know. I have seen many beautiful women. Your personality, as I now encounter it, is an absolute astonishment to me. I don't know where, in these few months, you acquired your repose, your serenity, your magnificence, your air. Do you remember what I told you of the restless American type that you represent? I knew you would strive to rise; it was in you; you pushed to the front, as I was sure you would do. But I had no prescience of this mighty accomplishment."

"You are sneering at me, as your note sneered," said Claire, looking at him steadily. "Acknowledge it. I perceive it with great accuracy. I somehow cannot answer you as I would answer another. You warned me months ago. You knew what I desired and told me of the danger that lay in my path. I recollect all that you wanted me to try and be. Perhaps I would have tried, under differing conditions."

She paused, and Thurston instantly said, "As my wife you would have tried—and succeeded."

"Perhaps." she answered, very low of tone, not meeting his look. "But all that is past. Don't pull corpses out of graves."

"My love for you is living," he said to her. There

"Perhaps." she answered, very low of tone, not meeting his look. "But all that is past. Don't pull corpses out of graves."

"My love for you is living," he said to her. There was no touch of passion in his voice; there was only a mournful respect. "I don't think I am wrong to speak of it now. There's a sanctity and chastity about the feeling I bear for you which the fact of your being a wife does not affect. I want to knew the man whom you have married; I am curious to meet him and know him well. He has a large publicity, as you are aware. They have heard of him in Europe."

"I understand the question you wish to put yet do not," Claire said, at this point. "You lead up to it very adroitly: I might play the rôle of ignorant innocence, if I chess. But I do not choose. You want to ask me whether I loved the man I married." Thurston again stroked his moustache, for a moment. "Yes," he presently said, "I should like to know that."

A silence now ensued between them. Claire broke it. "He loved me," she said.

"Which means that you did not care for him?"

"Oh, yes. I cared very much. It was no worldly sale of myself. He was not sven rich when I married him. He attracted me—in a manner charmed me. I felt that I should never meet another man who would attract and charm me more. Do you understand?"

"Thoroughly. . . Since then you have met Stuart

Goldwin. I know him well. He is a man of exceptional fascination. They tell me that he is your slave."
"Do they?" said Claire, coloring under this rapid attack of candor. "Well, if he is my slave—which I, of course, deny—then I am not his. They did not tell you that, I am sure. They did not even hint it."

"No. You have escaped the least breath of scandal."

"Be sure that I have. And I shall continue to escape it. I recollect that you once declared I was cold, and that my coldness would prove a sateguard. 'It is very protective to a woman,' you maid."

cold, and that my coldness would prove a saicguard. 'It is very protective to a woman, you
said."

"Quote me in full or not at all," he corrected,
with a grim pleasantry. "I said that it is very
protective to a woman—while it lasts."

"True," returned Claire. "And it has lasted. I
prophesied that it would last, and I was right. .. By
the way, from whom have you learned all these important items? Perhaps from your sister. She is
not my friend."

Thurston started a little. "She is not
your enemy?" he said, putting the
words as a distinct question.

portant items? Perhaps from your sister. She is not my friend."

Thurston started a little. "She is not your enemy?" he said, putting the words as a distinct question.

"I hope not. But I am by no means sure. Thus far she has held herself aloof from me. She has not openly opposed me, but she has behaved with a telling reserve. Everybody else has paid me trioute, so to speak. No. I am wrong. There is one other woman—her cousin, Mrs. Lee."

"Of course you know why poor Sylvia would be your foe. She is madly in love with Goldwin; she has been for years. You must have cost her dire pangs."

Claire chose to ignore this last statement. "I think your sister dislikes me from pride." she said. "I mean pride of family." Here she paused for a moment, and seemed almost basifully reluctant to proceed. But her hesitation had in it a gentle, unassuming modesty; it sprang wholly from unwillingness to touch on a subject which she knew that only the most delicate tact should deal with, if to deal with it at all were not folly and nashness. "Your sister found out." she softly continued, "that you had liked me enough to ask me to be your wire. Heaven knows, Beverley Thurston, that I did not tell her!"

Thur-ton looked very grave. "I told her," he said, "Or rather, she drew it from me. I was foolish to let her, Cornelia is so clever... Well," he suddenly went on, with an unusual show of animation, "do you mean that she accused you of having rejected me?"

Claire did so. He listened with deep attention. She stated it. Wait; I will tell you more; I will tell when, where and how it all happenei."

Claire did so. He listened with deep attention. She narrated the whole episode of her well-remembered conversation with his sister in the dining-room at the Coney Island hotel.

"Anh, what a woman that sister of mine is!" he exclaimed, in his subdued way, as Claire finished.

"Inmit talk with her. I dine there to might. I will find out if this knowledge has been at the root of her late behavior."

Claire did so. He listened with deep attenti

acceptance."
Claire rose as she ended her last sentence. Claire rose as she ended her last sentence. The conservatory was quite empty of guests; the waning winter sunlight tod of the hour for departure. "It is time to go" she now continue: "Remember, whenever you come to me you will be welcome. I shall be at the opera to-night. Drop into my box it you get away from your sister's dinner before ted, and feel like hearing some music."

Thurston replied that he would certainly do so. But, as it happened, he partially failed to keep his promise. Mrs. Van Horn's dinner was attended by several guests. He wanted to talk with his sister, and it was somewhat late before he found the desired opportunity.

and it was somewhat late before he found the de-sired opportunity.

"Did von enjoy it, Beverley?" said his sister, re-ferring to the dinner. They were in the front drawing-room together. Thurston had seated him-self near the fire-place, in a big chair of gibted basket-work, with soft plush cushions. He was playing with a small locket at his waistcoat, and his look did not litt itself from the bauble as Mrs. the look did not lift itself from the battole as Mrs. Van Hern spoke. She came near his chair and stood at his side for a moment. She had been giving her servants a few orders relative to the morrow. She looked very well that evening. The color of her gown was a sort of tea-rose pink, and she were a collar of large pearls about her throat, and ornaments of pearls in her blond hir, While her brother was answering, she dropped in a chair quite near his own.

near bis own.
"I thought it about assuccessful as your dinners always are," he said. "Everything went off to perfection, of course. . . No, I forget; there was one drawback. A serious one,"
"What was it ?"
"Selvia La."

"Sylvia Lee."
"Sylvia Lee."
"You never could endure Sylvia," said Mrs. Van
Horn, in her grand, cool, suave way.
"I think her abominable," replied
Thurston. "Her affectations irritate and depress
me. They appear to grow with age, too. She beme. They appear to grow with age, too. She behaved more like a contortionist than ever, to-night. But it is not only the wretched, sensational oad tasteof her poses and costumes. It is a conviction that she is as treacherous as the serpent she resembles. And then perfeigious attitudintzing. has she got over that yet? I suppose not."

Mrs. Van Horn, who would sharply have resembed

she got over that yet? I suppose not."

Mrs. Van Horn, who would sharply have resented these biting comments if any tips but her brother's had delivered them, now answered with only a faint touch of petulance. 'You will never believe any good of Sylvia, so it is useless to tell you how unjust? Consider your opinions. But she is more passionately absorbed in charities and religious devotion than ever before. 'If you could see some of the people whom she goes among, and whom she has constantly visiting her in her own house, you would be forced to grant that the shallow hypocrisy with which you charge her is a most sincere and active almsgiving."

"Say notorrous, too. She's a Pharisec to the tips of her fingers. I should like to know of one good deed that she has ever performed in secret. She parades her piety and her benevolence just as she does her new-est fantasies in dressmaking. She thinks them picturesque, She would rather die than not be picturesque, and I believe that when she does die she will make some ante mortem arrangements about an abnormal coffin. It's a marvei to me that Sinart Goldwin should have put up with her nousense as long as he did. . . By the way, how does she stand his desertion?"

"Has he deserted her?"

long as he did. . . By the way, how does she stand his desertion?"

"Has he deserted her?"

"Oh, come, now, Cornelia, you know quite well that he has." Thurston was looking directly at his sister for the first time since their interview had beginn

Mrs. Van Horn gave a light, soft laugh.

"You me in for Mrs. Hollister, Beverley?"

"Of course I do."
"I see that you have picked up some precious

"I see that you have picked up some precions bits of gossip since you got back." He was watching her very closely, and perceived, knowing her as scarcely any one else knew her, that a severe annoyance dwelt beneath those last words. Sughtly tossed her delicate head. "You are so relentless with poor Sylvia that I naturally son't want to feed the fuel of your disapprobation. Well, then, let me admit that Goldwin is devoted to your former friend."
"Say my present friend, if you please. Cornelia."

"Say my present friend, if you please, Cornelia."
He saw a little gleam, like that of lit steel, creep into her pale-blue eyes. "Oh, then you still call her that?" "Most certainly. Should I withdraw my friend-

ship because she refused to marry me when I was old enough to be her father? On the contrary, I am liberal enough to appland her good sense."
"Beveriey," exclaimed his sister, in tenes of harsh disgust, "how can you show so little self-respect?"
He saw that she had grown pale with anger. He

He saw that she had grown pale with anger. He set his eyes upon her face with a fresh intentness of gaze. He had a distinct object in view, and he was determined, if possible, to reach it. He leaned much closer toward her while he said, in slow, deliberative tones:

"My self-respect, or lack of it, is quite my own affair. Pray understand that. You never forgave Claire Twining for refusing me, Cornelia. You need not attempt to deceive me there. I rereat, you never forgave her. Your pride would not allow you."

you."

Her voice shook as she answered him She was bitterly distressed and agitated. He had touched an old wound, but one which had not healed. She loved him as she had never loved any other man. He was part of herself; his blood was hers; he be-

fle was part of herself; his blood was hers; he belonged to the egotism which was her ruling quality.
Her speech now betrayed neither wrath nor disgust;
it was full of mournful dismay. The times in her life
had been rare when her glacial composure had
shown such excessive disturbance.

"I concede, Beverley, that it hurt me very deeply
to realize your humiliation. It seemed to me then,
as it seems to me now, that a girl of her class should
have been glad to marry a man of your piace and
name, What was she! And what were and are
you?" name,

"Pshaw! I was and am an elderly, faded old fellow." "Pshaw! I was and am an elderly, faded old fellow."

Mrs. Van Horn rose from her chair. She was visibly trembling. "You could have given that adventuress a position far more stable than she holds now, as the wife of a tucky stock-gambler!"

Thurston remained seated. "You call her an adventuress," he said, "and yet you visit her—you put her on a social equality with yourself."

During the vigilant scrutiny with which he accompanied these words, Mrs. Van Horn's brother decided that in all his experience of her he had never seen her show such perturbation as now.

"People acknowledge her," she said, a little hoarsely. "I have never been to her entertainments. I have never accepted her, so to speak. If you inquire, you will find this to be true. It is current talk, my reserve, my disapproval."

that it should his and tell. "You are going to the lunch that she gives on Friday. I happen to be certain of this—unless you have had the wanton rodeness to write her that you would go, while mean to remaining away."

He rose as he spoke the last word. Brother and sister faced each other. There was a tranquil challenge in Thurston's full and steady gaze.

She recoiled a little. "I—well, yes—i did intend to go," she replied, below her breath, and actually stammering.

She recoiled a little, "I-well, yes-1 did intend to go," she replied, below her breath, and actually stammering.

"What is your reason for going," he questioned, "if you despise and dislike her so ?"

She threw back head; her self-possession had returned, and with it a stately indignation.

"You are insolent," she said.

Thurston broke into a hard laugh.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "I am insolent to the great lady because I detect her on the verge of some petty revence! Oh, I know you too well, my dear sister," he went on, with stern irony. "You can't rebuff me in that way. There is something behind this fine condescension. Sylvia Lee and you have been putting your heads togsther. You are both employing a new line of tactics. What does it mean? I demand to know. I have a right to know."

He was very impressive, yet bis voice was hardly raised above that of ordinary speech. She had always admired his gravity and caim; he had been for years her ideal and model gentleman; she hated excitement of any sort, and to see it in him gave her a positive feeling of awe.

"Beverley," she murmured, half brokenly, "remember that if I had any thought of punishment toward the woman who, trifled with you and humbled you, it has been because I am your sister—because I was fond of yon—because."

He interrupted her with a quick, waving gesture of the hand. "You talk insanel," he said. "She

toward the woman who trifled with you and humbled you, it has been because I am your sister—because I was fond of you—because."

He interrupted her with a quick, waving gesture of the hand. "You talk insanely," he said. "She neither trifled with me nor humbled me, I was a fool even to tell you how sensibly she acted. What you call your fendness is nothing but your miserable plan. Do you refuse to tell me what it is 7—me, who have the right to learn it!"

Every trace of color had left her cheeks, and she was biting her lips. There was very little of the great lady remaining in her mien or visage, now.

"You have twice spoken of your right," she faltered. "On what is such a right based? How can you possibly possess it? You are nothing to her. You are neither her husband nor—"

"I am her lover," he broke in. "I am her lover, reverent, devout, loyal, and shall be white we both live! She is the most charming woman I have ever met. I met her too late, or she would be my wife now. It was not her fault that she refused me. She is not a bit to blame. Good Heavens! have I the monstrons arrogance to assume that she should have married an old fossil like myself because I was of a little importance in the world? No, Cornelia, that preposterous assumption belongs to you. It is just like you. And you call it love—sisterly love. I call it the very apex of intolerable pride. But admit for the moment that it is I and not yourself whom you care for. Will you tell me, on that account, what it is you mean or meant to do?"

Before he had finished, Mrs. Van Horn had sunk into a chair and covered her face with both hands. Her sobs presently sounded, violent and rapid. In these brief seconds she was shedding more tears toto a chair and covered her face with both hands. Her sols presently sounded, violent and rapid. In these brief seconds she was shedding more tears than had left her cold eyes for many years past. "I mean to do nothing—nothing!" she answered, with a gasp almost like that which leaves us when in straits for breath.
"Do you give me your sacred promise," he said, "that this is true!"

with a gasp almost like that which leaves us when in straits for breath.

"Do von give me your sacred promise," he said, "that this strue!"

The words appeared to horrity her. She looked at him with streaming eyes, while a positive shudder shook her frame.

"Oh, Beverley, what degradation this seems to me! Degradation of yourself! You may call me as froud as you choose. It is no insult. It is a compliment, even, I am proud of being proud. I had nover given up hope that you would marry some woman of good tirth, good antecedents, your equal and mines—young enough, too, to bear you children. I am childless, myself—how I would have loved vour children! Their own mother would not have loved them more. Every penny of my large fortune should have gone to them. This has been my dream for years past, and now you shalter it by telling me that an upstart, a parvenu, a nobody from nowhere, holds you ensoured beyond escape!"

Thurston was not at all touched. This outburst so uncharacteristic and so mexpected, did not bear for him a grain of pathos. He saw behind it nothing save an implicable selfishness that chose to misname itself affection. The ambition of Claire saddened him to conticuplate; it had so rich a potentiality for its background. He was forever seeing the true and wise woman that she might have been. Even the netties in her soil flourished with a certain beauty of their own, proving its fertile resources if more wholesome growths had taken root there. But in Cornelia Van Horn's nature all was barren and arid. The very genuinecess of her presentiality for his background. He was forever seeing the time only from her brain, as it were; her heart did not know that she was shedding them.

"The bitter epithets which you apply to my margerer," he said, with a momentary curve of the lips too anstere to be termed a smile, "make me the more suspicious that you apply to my possess, either by speech or deed, to her disadvantage. Do you give me this premise, of do yon refracial from to-night henceforward we meet as total s

quarrel! And I have been so gnarded—so careful that the world should hold us and our name in perfect esteem!—On, it is horrible!"

"I did not infer that it would be pleasant," he answered. "You yourself have power to avert or bring it about. All remains with yourself."

"I—I must make you a premise," she retorted, in what would have been, if louder, a peevish wall, "just as though I had really intended some—some gross, revengeful act! You—you are ungentlemanly to impose such a condition! You—you are out of your senses! That creature has bewitched you!"

ont of your senses! That creature has bewitched you!"

He saw her eve, tearful though it was, quall before his own narrowed and penetrating look. He felt his suspicion strengthen within him.

"I do impose the condition," he said, perhaps more determinedly than he had yet spoken. If do exact the pron. is. Now decide Cornelia. There is no hard threat on my part, temember. You don't like the idea of an open rupture with me, you don't think it would be respectable; it would make a little mark on your ermine—a défaut de la cuivasse, so to speak. But your beloved world would possibly side with you and against me; you would not lose a supporter; you would still remain quite the grand personage you are. Only I should never darken your doors again; that is all. Come, now, be good enough to decide."

She sank into her seat once more; her eyes had

She sank into her scat once more; her eyes had drooped themselves; the tears were standing on her pale cheeks. "I did not know you had it in you to be so ernei," she said, uttering the words with apparent difficulty.

"I am afraid I always knew that you had it in you."

very sombre but had lost all trace of tremor, she at length murmured:
"Well, I promise faithfully. I will do nothing—say nothing. My conduct shall be absolutely neutral—null. Are you satisfied?"
"Entirely," he said.
He at once left her. He reached the opera just as it was ending. Claire, in the company of two ladies and two gentlemen, and attended by Goldwin, was leaving her box when he contrived to find her. Hollister had purchased one of the larger proscenium boxes some time ago; he had given a great price for it to an owner who could not resist he princely terms offered.

num boxes some time ago; he had given a great price for it to an owner who could not resist the princely terms offered.

"You are very late," Claire said, giving him her hand, while Goldwin, standing behind her, dropped a great fur-lined cloak over her shoulders, and hid the regal costliness of her dress, with its laces, flowers and jewels. "Have you been dining with your sister all this time, or were you here for the last act, but talking with older friends clsewhere?"

"No," replied Thurston, who had already exchanged a nod of greeting with Goldwin. He lowered his voice so that Claire alone could hear it. "I arrived but a few minutes ago. I have been talking seriously with my sister. You were quite right. She has withdrawn her disapprobation. You have conquered her, as you conquer everybody."

He saw the faint yet meaning flash that left her dark-blue eyes, and he read clearly, too, the significance of her bright smile, as she said:

"Ah, you reassure me. For I had my doubts; I confess it, now."

"So had I." he returned. "But they are at rest forever, as I want yours to be. ."

At an early hour, the next morning, Mrs. Van Horn surprised her friend and kinswoman, Mrs. Ridgeway Lee, in the latter's pretty and qualnt boudoir, that was Japanese enough, as regarded hangings and adornments, to have been the sacred retreat of some almond-eyed Yeddo belle.

Mrs. Lee had had her coflee, and was deep in one of Zola's novels, when her friend was announced. Her coupé would appear at twelve, and take her to a certain small religious hospital of which she was one of the most assiduous patrons; but she always read Zola, or some author of a similar Gallic intensity, while she digested her coffee.

She had concealed the novel, however, by the time that Mrs. Van Horn had swept her draperies between the Oriental jars and screens.

"I have come to talk with you about that affair—that plan, Sylvia," said her visitor, dropping into a chair.

"You mean to-morrow, Cornelia ?"
"Yes. . . . By the way, have you seen the morning "I glanced over one of them—the Herald, think. It said, in the society column, that

"You mean to-morrow, Cornelia ?"
"Yes, . . . By the way, have you seen the morning papers?"

"I glanced over one of them—the Herald, I think. It said, in the society column, that I word disgrace myself with that hideous color! These monsters of the newspapers ought to be suppressed in some way."

"You didn't think so when they described your flame-colored plush gown so accurately last Tuesday. However, you deserve to be ridiculed for going to those vulgar public balls."

"Yes, I know. Don't let us talk of it. If you had read the paper more closely you would have seen the statement, given with a great air of truth, that Herbert Hollister's millions are flowing away from him at a terrible rate, and that to night may see him almost ruined."

"How dreadful!" said Mrs. Lee, in her slow way, put noticeably changing color.

"Sory!" softly echoed Mrs. Lee, uncolling herself from one peculiar pose on the yellow-and-black lounge where she was scated, and gently writhing into another. "Of course I am sorry, Cornelia. Although you must grant that she merits it. To desert her poor, ignorant, miserable mother! To run away and leave her own flesh-and-blood in starvation!" Here Mrs. Lee heaved an immense sigh. "Ah, Providence finds us all out, sooner or later! If that wicked woman's sin is punished by her husband's ruin, who shall say that she has not richly deserved it? But in spite of this, Cornelia dear, our stroke of punishment will not be too severe. With regard to my own share in our coming work. I feel that I am to be merely the instrument—the humble instrument—of Heavenly justice itself?"

"No doubt," replied Mrs. Van Horn, with frigid dryness. "But you must do it all alone to-me row, Svivia. I have come to tell you so. I can have no part whatever in the proceeding. However it is carried out—whether you bring Mrs. Hollister face to face with her plebeiaa parent or no, I shall be absent. It is true. I accepted for the lunch. But I shall be ill at the last moment. I withdraw from the whole ingenious pious to be p

no actual interruption on the part of her companion, though with very decided signs of consternation and disapproval.

"Oh, Cornelia, it is too bad!" exclaimed Mrs. Lee, when the recital was finished. "He couldn't have meant that he would cut his own sister! What is to be done? Well, I suppose it must all be given up. And it would have been such a triumph! And she deserves it so—running away from her own mother whom she had always hated and disobeyed! We have that poor, horrid, common, but pitiable Mrs. Twining's own word for it, you know. And she would have been such a magnificent spectre at the banquet! She would have riseu up like Banquo, ill-dressed, higgard, rheumatic, pathetic. Everybody would have denounced this unnatural daughter when they saw the meeting. I can't realize that you, you could let it all be nipped in the bud!"

"It isn't all nipped in the bud, Sylvia," said Mrs. Van Horn, sharply.
"But it is! Why isn't it? You certainly don't expect me to carry it out alone?"

Mrs. Van Horn decisively nodded. "Yes, Sylvia," she answered, "that is just the point. I do expect you to carry it out alone. You are clever enough, quite clever enough, and . . "Here the speaker paused for a moment, and then crisply, emphatically added: "And after all is said, remember one thing. It is this: You have a much larger debt to pay her than I have."

A malign look stole into Mrs. Lee's black eyes. She was thinking of Suart Goldwin. She was thinking of the man whom she had passionately loved—whom she passionately loved—whom she passionately loved still.

"I believe you are right, Cornelia," she at length replied, in her usual protracted and lingering style. She had got herself, as she spoke, into one of her most involved and tortuous attitudes; she had never looked more serpentine than now.

never looked more serpentine than now.

[To be Continued.]

TROUBLE CAUSED BY A KATYDID. THE PLEASANT RELATIONS OF THE STECKLERS AND THE M'GEES BROKEN UP.

Mr. Steckler is a Teuton of huge proportions who was formerly in the express business. Astima and a steady increase of adipose deposit have, however, made imperative his retirement from such an active life and he has devoted the rest of his declining years to sup-plying the necessaries of life to the inhabitants of Thir-tieth-st., between Seventh and Eighth aves., and strangers."

"A quarrel between you and me. Beverlev!" said his sister, trying to choke back her sols, and rising with a cobweb handkerchief pressed in fluttered alternation to either humid eye. "A family quarrel! And I have been so gnarded—so careful causing the diminutive yard at the back of his store to blossom with sunflowers and hollyhocks. Mr. Steckler ants once in every seven days, and in the pursuance of his duties as careful guardian of his employer's interests the cordial relations once existing between himself and family and the tenant of the second floor back, Denis McGee, and his family have lately been interrupted. Mr. McGee has two daughters who are rapidly approaching the age of ripe maidenhood. The Misses Mctice have a habit of receiving the evening calls of their admirers while enjoying the cool of the evening on the steps of the family mansion. This does not agree with the notions of citquette possessed by Mr. Steckler, who is also the father of two fair-haired damsels, and he has hinted as much to Mr. McGee, but unfortunately his hints have not been kindly received. Open warfare has at last been proclaimed and the issue is being watched with the keenest of interest by the other inhabitants of the house. Matters were precipitated to a conclusion as

tion granted to her by her employers, Messrs, Altman of Nineteenth at. and Sixth-ave., bearing with her as a present from the green fields to her paps three lively katydids inclosed in a pasteboard bex. Mr. Steckler was delighted, for he had long yearned to people his beloved garden with animate as well as inanimate ob-jects which would recall the days of his pural youth. lects which would recall the days of his furst youth.

The katydids were relieved from their imprisonment and promptly hopped upon the highest sundower. The family retired and about 10 p. m. the concert began. "Katy did ! Katy didn't ! Katy broke the bottle! Katy did! Katy didn't!" and so on. For half an hour Mr. Steckler lay awake hugging himself with delight, and la gleeful accents enjoining his better-half to " Shust hear dose reskils! "

ose results: Suddenly a window was opened and a roice exclaimed: Pliat the deuce is the matther in the gyardin beyant low! Dill anny wun iver hear the loike of thim blatherin how I bli and was Mr. McGee, and until the palo light of dawn flickered in the eastern sky Mr. Steckler in his room gloated with rapture and Mr. McGee in his howled in discust. The next night saw the scene repeated with slight variations. On the following day one katydid succumbed to the effects of expoaure. Another followed soon; but the surviver seemed to gather strength and carolled forth from dewy eve to early dawn. Remonstrance proted in vain, threats were useless, and an anonymous letter evoked no response from the Board of Health. Mr. Steckler and the katydid have proved too much for Mr. McGee, and he will soon reek at abode where the katydid shall case from troubling and the weary sball have rest.

To a Trim Ne reporter Mr. Steckler said: "Dot ledder was a derribly wicked one. Dose leedle insecks shall haf no one annoyed by cracious, und id must haf peen an onemy dot shall haf written to der Board of Heil-utl, shust pecause to der old man I gomblained of dose daughters shtanding on der shtoop der whole evenings droe." It was Mr. McGee, and until the pale bastes below 1'

Mr. McGee was absent, but Mrs. McGee said: "Shure,
Mr. McGee was absent, but Mrs. McGee said: "Shure,
I dan't mix mesil' up in the mather at all. That ould
Dutchman on the flure below makes himself too busy
entoirely, but I don't mix mesil' in such mattners, fur I
lave thim to me ould man!"

LIQUOR DEALERS' FREE LUNCHES.

" Does this business pay?" a TRIBUNE reporter asked one of the many beer and liquor dealers in the Bowery, who deals out to customers day and night a nrial " free lunch." "If it did not we would certainly shut down on it," was the answer. "You see our place is crowded a por-tion of the time. Why, bless you, there are dozens of

men who come here regularly three times a day. They don't eat anywhere else. We feed hundreds every day, don't eat anywhere cise. We feed hundreds every day, and though profits are small, it pays."

In some of the places in Chatham-st, and the Bowery bills of fare are printed reading something like the following: "A substantial dinner free to all—beef stew,

fried liver, cold ham, fried claims, potato salad, cheese and many other things included. A pint of cool ale, porter or lager for 5 cents. A pint of pure milk punch

porter or lager for 5 cents. A pint of pure milk punch or a drink of the purest whisky or gin, only 10c."

There are at least fifty free-lunch places along Chathamest, and the Bowery alone. In some places the lunch is served day and night. Many places shuu the system, however, altogether, but the average retail liquor dealer says he will less much trade if he does not vie with his heighbor in setting out a substantial lunch. Many persons who lack the few pennies necessary to buy beer relieve their hunger by entering these places and obtaining a plate of stew or soup. If they are known they are usually not objected to.

FRENCH POLITICS.

THE RECKLESS COURSE OF THE MINISTRY IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRI

PARIS, August 23.
The town is so quiet that none of the many for The town is so quiet that none of the many lor-eigners who stroll along the Boulevards could imagine that events of great national importance are going forward. Those which are taking place in the Far East amount to nothing short of acts of war against China. Before Parliament separated the Cabinet, through the mouth of M. Challemel-Lacour entered into a solemn engagement not to commit itself to any bellicose policy there without first taking the advice of the Chambers. But now that these bodies are in recess Ministers go ahead. They do not think that England will seriously oppose them either in Tonquin or in Madagasear. Their notion is that if they allow, her quietly to strengthen herself in Egypt, she may let them establish a French Empire in the southeastern corner of Asia. It is hard to see why Great Britain should interfere to prevent them founding a colony which will never be colonized by French citizens, and which is too thickly populated with industrious Cochin-Chinese to be turned into a penal settlement. Algeria has every advantage for the purposes of colonization, and it is only separated by the Mediterranean from this country. But although it was taken in 1830 from the Dev. it is still a cause of expense to France.

come to the exchequer, and may be a cause both directly and indirectly of very great expense. M. Clemenceau's organ, La Justice, reproaches the Ministry with having broken faith with the Chamber. It regards a campaign which is certain to turn a great and friendly power-England-into an enemy as a thing to be deplored by every patriotic French-man. But it will talk in vain so long as the Chambers are in recess and no military disaster takes place on the Red River or in the swamps which lie between the capital of Anam and the sea.

That city is the objective point of the little expe

Unless the French treated the Tonquines and Ana-

mites as the Dutch treat the Malays of Java, the territory which they are now endeavoring to take in the southwest of Asia will not be a source of in-

ditionary body under Admiral Courbet. For some days past the journals have been giving maps of it and the inter-marine district. Judging from them, I should say that Hué is a place of difficult access, and that when once reached it would be a terribly hard place to take. It is 128 kilometers from the sea. The pilotage of the river leading to it is most dangerous, owing to the number of shifting sand banks and shallows. Access by land is simply impossible. Ships of deep draft could not advance up to the capital of Anam, so that to bombard it, unless from forts, is out of the question. The city of Hué is entirely surrounded with a wide, bastioned canal. But its chief defences are swampy rice-fields, bamboo groves, and arms of the river. The water barriers constitute in themselves a veritable Chinese puzzle. In the southeast of China there are hordes of fresh and salt water pirates. The former make brutally daring soldiers on terra firms. Our bourgeois ministers, in sticking their hand into Tonquin have thrust it into a bees' nest, and must get terribly stung.

The menacing article in The North
German Gazette of yesterday evening has given

nothing less than a shock to the trading and financial classes. It is only what might be expected by all but the Ministry. Their fatuity was to my knowledge expressed in a very remarkable way by a foremost member of the Cabinet. The chief editor of a leading English journal which has always been a good friend to the French Republic wrote a confidential letter to a gentleman here about the bitterness which the Madagascar and Tonquin affairs were causing in England. It was a very clear statement not only of what people generally thought, but of what Gladstone, Granville, Sir Charles Dilke and even more advanced Radicals than the member from Chelsea, said to the writer, who is notoriously a man of too cold judgment to be carried away by the crowd, or in any way influenced by a fleeting popular emotion. The recipient of the letter was authorized to convey the views thus set forth to any French statesman who would be likely to give them serious attention. This was The editor in question wants to give himself importance." After a short silence the political personage in question added: "It is not a bit of matter what the English think. We know that they will always be averse to our Colonial extension. The important factor is Germany. Now, it nappens that when last we received dispatches our Embassy at Berlin we were assured that Prince Bismarck would be delighted if we could take and hold Tonquin and the adjacent territories. There were many Germans established in business there and it would be greatly to their advantage to be protected by France from the sea and fresh

water pirates."

The article of The North German Gazette is like the rumbling of distant thunder, which presages storm It will be observed that Germany gave no sign of hostile intent until the Ministry was launched in an adventurous campaign, and until a system of offensive and defensive alliance was entered into between the Central Empires of Europe, Italy and, we now hear, Spain, against France. What is unfortunate is that the Duclerc Ministry by the prosecution of the Russian Socialist Krapotkine, alienated the advanced Republicans throughout Europe. Opportunison of the kind practised by Gambetta's friends since the end of 1881 has been neither fish nor flesh. It has been despotic in its instincts and contemptible in its aims. If it was not at the mercy of the Chamber and the ballot-box it would have been worse than Royalty. Its colonial policy has been at once fool-hardy and timid, Where foreign countries are wrong is in supposing that the group now in power represent the nation. They do not. So little does the Chamber think the country is bebind the Ministry that it ented the session by inflicting on the Ministry a deep humiliation. The bulk of the French people are Republican, hardworking, and, though ignoraut, very reasonable. In returning an immense Republican majority to the Councils-General of the departments they did not mean to express approval of what Ministers have been doing in the Far East. hostile intent until the Ministry was launched in

THE JAN MAYEN EXPEDITION.

THE JAN MAYEN EXPEDITION.

From The London Times, Aug. 23.

The Vienna newspapers publish some interesting particulars about the Austrias expedition to Jan Mayen, whose arrival at Drontheim last week has been already announced. The expedition safed on the last of April last year, from the Harbor of Pola, in a steamer also called Pola, commanded by Captain Einit von Wohlegenauth. By the middle of July the Pola had landed her party on the Island of Jan Mayen, and the arrangements for carrying out the objects of the exietition were pushed on rapidly. When all was ready the Pola left the expedition to occupy the island by themselves for the winter, and only returned to take them away at the beginning of this month. On August I the observations began, which it had been settled at the St. Petersburg Conference should be continued during a whole year. Jan Mayen lies betwee 70° 49° and 71° 50° north initude, and between 9° 4° and 71° 52° weat (from Greenwich) longitude. Its length is about seven and a half geographical miles, its greatest breadth does not exceed two miles. Right in the unidae of the Island the Beerenberg rises to a height of 2.124 yards or nearly one mile and a quarter. It is an extinct voicano as the whole island is only a mass of volcanic rock, laving an equally wretched fanna and flora. The end of August brought some storms from the north, with falls of snow. September was mild and warm. October again brought northern storms, severe cold, and splendid diaplays of the northern lights, with colors perpetually changing from saftron yellow through paie green to blue, and leas frequently to red. The lights were perpetually changing from saftron yellow through paie green to blue, and leas frequently to red. The lights were perpetually changing from saftron yellow through paie green to blue, and leas frequently to red. The lights were perpetually changing from saftron yellow through paie green to blue, and leas frequently to red. The lights were perpetually changing from saftron yellow through paie green t ment. The first shore lee came only in December, was often shattered into fragments by the violent of from the north. On these occasions the surfamed used to be borne miand fully 200 paces, filing crevice in the huts with fine saline crystals. This it necessary to fetch drinking water from a small more distant from the shore. The greatest cold win January; but the temperature was often "ais warm south winds to 29 (Reamlant) above zero. January 30 the Polar night was at an end. Marc on the whole the coldest menth, and the station was short time quite snowed up. There was gon a short time quite snowed up. There was gon to stem to notice it estation. By the end of June mot seem to notice it estation. By the end of June was all gone. The arrangements both as to food and ing corresponded perfectly to what was wanted, at fuel was used thas had been expected. The explosions of the Island brought to light a grave which d seem to have been previously noticed. It so some skeletans—probably remains of the unit Dutch sailors who passed the winter and dietisand in 1633. The Island was tnoroughly su and all the astronomical, photographic, magnet meteorological observations were systematically out according to the plan agreed upon. This is time, so far as is known, that any persons have the winter on Jan Mayon since the ill-fated whalers of 250 years ago.